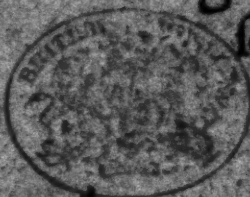


962
K **Take Time, while Time is:**

Being an Exhortation to all sorts of Sexes, of what Degree
soever, from the Highest to the Lowest, Old or Young,
Rich or Poore. To the Tune of,
The Ladies Daughter of Paris.



194.



O Stay a while you lusty Lads,
that seeme to skip and mount,
From me your aged Patron,
although you make no count
Of Father, Mother, kith or kin,
what euer they doe say,
You snuffe and snort when they correct,
you sit and will not stay.

Oh stay, I say, and learne of me
a Lesson by the way:
You are vniust for any vice,
seeing you'l not obey.
Behold, I say, the Picture now
that here doth stand above,
And be you warn'd by what I say,
if that your selues you loue.

To you he offers now himselfe,
vntill your tyme be spent;
But as he offers, steals away
vntill your tyme be done.
Lay hold on him therefore, I say,
and say, I warn'd you,
Lest that he steals away from you,
and bid you so adieu.

For Time doth stay here for no man,
bee't King, bee't Prince, bee't Peere;
He leaues them to what life they will,
bee't toy, bee't loue, bee't feare:
Woe't life or death, I say, or ought
that blind Fate doth ordaine,
As some in bed asleepe we see,
and some in field are slaine.

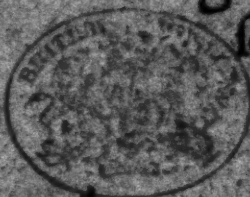
His Glasse that in his hand he holds
doth cut off all delay,
His Wings that on his backe do stick,
do shew he cannot stay
For any that comes after him,
be he swarthy or faire;
But he must come and stand before,
and take hold of his haire:

And when that you haue hold of it,
in no case let it goe;
For hauing once forsooke him quite,
your footsteps are too slow
For to lay hold on him againe,
when once that he is past;
So Fortunes fauours, you must thinke,
with you'l not alwaies last.

45. 6. 3. 36.

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45. 6. 3. 36.



The second Part, To the same tune.



The Dyall first upon his Head,
most evident doth shew,
How fleeting is this mortall life,
and Time doth alwayes goe,
Although wee not perceiue it moone,
old age doth come at last,
And brings diseases on vs all,
our lines are but a blast.

His scythe within the other hand,
doth shew how he cuts downe
The lines of all, from great to small,
from Cottage to the Crowne:
We are like grasse which soone doth fade,
and withereth in an hower,
When Time is past, grim Death doth
and feareth with his power. (come,

The flowers like to Youthfullnesse,
is fragrant, sweet, and sayre,
But soone is pluckt, and banished,
as is the smoke in ayre:
The swift wing'd Swallow shewes vs
how Time doth fleet away, (plaine
The Summer hane, and Winter eke,
and Time so; none will stay.

What though thy Father be he rich,
and thou be yong in yeares,
Thinke thou that God hath no meanes
to blast thy Fathers eares (lost
Of Coyne, or Castell, or what els
that doth maintaine his fame:
Yea, God hath meanes enough in Roys
so; to confound the same.

But oh, the mighty number now,
that in this Land there be,
That doe goe up to hye London,
out of their owne Countrey,
And there to sport and play their All,
they make it all their toy:
Their carefull Parents counsels all,
they make of them a toy.

But if thou followst on this life,
and mean'st therein to lie,
Thou shalt be barred from Gods blisse,
and damn'd eternally.
But be thou ruled by thy friends
when Counsell they thee giue,
And God shall prosper all thy waies,
that thou long daies maist liue.

Make much of Time therefore, I say,
before that thou bee'st old,
Lest that he tell thee to thy teeth,
that thou art too too bold,
To trust vnto this winged man
that flieth on so fast:
For if then can'st not what I say,
Repentance comes at last.

But now to make an end with you,
hoping you know my mind,
Concerning this same Picture here,
that I haue so defin'd:
If that you marke it well, I say,
and what therein is meant,
I hope you'll turne your bias round,
and of the same repent.

And let vs pray vnto our God,
to blesse our soveraigne King,
Under whose happy government,
we enjoy every thing
That God can of his mercie giue,
and doone vpon vs send:
He grant we may be thankfull still,
and send vs blessed ends.

FINIS.

London, Printed by M. P. for Henry
Goffen, dwelling vpon London-
bridge, neere the Gate.